

## The second part of

*Prince* What wouldst thou thinke of me if I should weep?

*Poynes* I would thinke thee a most princely hypocrite.

*Prince* It would bee every mans thought, and thou arte a blessed fellow, to thinke as every man thinks, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your most worshipfull thought to thinke so?

*Poynes* Why because you haue been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaffe.

*Prince* And to thee.

*Poyne* By this light I am well spoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares, the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe: by the masse here comes Bardolfe.

*Enter Bardolfe and boy.*

*Prince* And the boy that I gaue Falstaffe, a had him from me Christian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him Ape.

*Bard.* God saue your grace.

*Prince* And yours most noble Bardolfe.

*Poynes* Come you vertuous asse, you bashfull foole, must you be blushing, wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at armes are you become? ist such a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

*Boy* A calls me enow my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and so peept through.

*Prince* Has not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away you horson vpright rabble, away.

*Boy* Away you rascally Altheas dreame, away.

*Prince* Instruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

*Boy* Mary my lord, Altheas dreamt she was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

*Prince* A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

*Poynes*

## Henry the fourth.

*Poynes* O that this blossome could be kept from cankers! well, there is sixpence to preferue thee.

*Bard.* And you do not make him hangd among you, the gallows shall haue wrong.

*Prince* And how doth thy master Bardolfe?

*Bard.* Well my Lord, he heard of your graces comming to towne, theres a letter for you.

*Poynes* Deliuerd with good respect, and how doth the martlemasse your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health sir.

*Poynes* Mary the immortall part needs a phisitian, but that moues not him, though that be sicke, it dies not.

*Prince* I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

*Poynes* Iohn Falstaffe Knight, every man must know that as oft as he has occasion to name himselfe: euen like those that are kin to the King for they neuer pricke their finger, but they saye, theres some of the Kings blood spilt: how comes that (saies he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poore cofin, sir.

*Prince* Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falstaffe knight, to the sonne of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.

*Poynes* Why this is a certificate.

*Prince* Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.

*Poynes* He sure meanes breuity in breath, short winded, I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue thee, be not too familiar with Poynes, for he misuses thy fauours so much, that he sweares thou art to mary his sister Nel, repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him, Iacke Falstaffe with my family, Iohn with my brothers and sisters, and sir Iohn with all Europe.

*Poynes* My Lord, Ile steep this letter in sacke and make him

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